Two Congratulatory

POEMS

TO THEIR

Most Sacred Majesties.

THE FIRST,

Occasioned on the Universal Hopes of all Loyal Persons for a PRINCE of *WALES.*

THE SECOND,

On the Happy BIRTH of the PRINCE.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Will. Canning*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Cloysters.* 1688.

Harvard College Library
May 7, 1912.
Gift of
Charles Jackson
of Boston

A

CONGRATULATORY POEM

TO HER MOST

Sacred Majesty,

&c.

THE Mighty *BLESSING* is *at last* arriv'd;
Heav'n has, *at last*, the Wond'rous *WORK* atchiev'd.
Long did th' *ALMIGHTY* pause, and long debate;
For *MONARCHS* are not fashion'd at a Heat.

So the firſt *Nations*, that were bleſs'd by *Heaven*,
Had the Eternal *WORD* by *Promiſe* given.
The *Faithful* did the Coming *GOD* believe,
And ev'n that *Faith* alone had Pow'r to *ſave*.

If *Gods* we may with Humane Things compare,
(For *Gods* and *Kings* ally'd moſt nearly are)
This is the Second *Birth* the World e'er knew,
So long Expected, ſo much Wanted too.

Like the firſt ſacred *Infant*, this will come
With Promiſe laden from the *Bleſſed* Womb,
To call the wand'ring, ſcatter'd Nations home.
Adoring *PRINCES* ſhall arrive from far,
Inform'd by *ANGELS*, guided by his Star,
The New-born *Wonder* to behold, and greet;
And *Kings* ſhall offer Incenſe at his Feet.

Hail,

Hail, Royal *BOY!* whoſe Coming is deſign'd
To calm the Murmurs of all Humane Kind.
On thy great *Birth*, Depending-*Monarchs* wait:
From thee the *Univerſe* expects its *Fate.*
This glorious *PROSPECT*, like the ſacred *Law*,
Stints factious *Crouds*, and keeps the World in awe;
Breaks their conſulted Meaſures, and o'erthrows
All the Deſigns aſpiring *STATES* propoſe;
Arreſts the *Wheel*, in ſpight of *Fortune*'s Hand,
And leaves the World's vaſt Bus'neſs at a Stand.

And you, bleſs'd *QUEEN*, to whom *ALL HAIL* belongs
From *Angels*, rather than from Mortal Tongues;
Whoſe Charms of *Beauty*, *Wit* and *Vertue* join'd
To chuſe you Second *Bleſs'd* of *Woman-kind.*

ALL HAIL, ——

O Sacred *VESSEL*, fraught with *England's STORE*;
(A *PRIZE* more valu'd, *ATLAS* never bore;)
Guard safe our *TREASURE* to the wish'd for *Shore*.
And you, Immortal *Pow'rs*, who have begun
Your Noblest *FABRICK*; let your *WORK* go on:
The Royal *YOUTH* with all those Charms adorn,
The World adores in his bright *MOTHER'S* Form:
His Soul, by his illustrious *SIRE'S*, compleat:
All *Hero*, all *Resolv'd*, Divinely *Great*.

Where are ye, O ye once officious *NINE*,
That on a *Theam* so glorious, and sublime,
Your Voices are not tun'd to noblest *Song*?
But, Oh! your *Lutes* are on the Willows hung:
Your lov'd *BRITANIA* listens now no more;
MARS frights her from the soft *Castalian* Shore;

Upon

Upon whoſe Banks, beneath your Shades, each Day,
The raviſh'd *Nymph*, charm'd with your Numbers, lay.
But from your *Groves* the fickle *Maid* is gone,
And all your boaſted *Harmony*'s undone.
But once more tune your *Lutes* and Voices high;
Your tendereſt Strains, and nobleſt Numbers try:
Raiſe thoſe dejected Eyes, in Sorrow dreſs'd,
And view the *PROSPECT* of the dawning *Eaſt*.

A young *APOLLO*, riſing from the Gloom,
Dreſs'd in his Father's brighteſt *Rays*, ſhall come;
(Diſperſing all the baneful Miſts of Night)
And bleſs the Earth with New-*created LIGHT*;
Make all the Face of *Nature* ſweet and gay,
Revive her *Birth*, and triumph o'er the Day.
Beneath *his* Feet Eternal Spring ſhall ſpread,
And bloſſom from the Luſtre round his Head.

He the faint *Muſes* ſhall a-new inſpire,
And from *his Beams*, kindle their uſeful Fire:
His Right Hand *Crowns*, his Left ſhall *Lawrels* give;
And *POETS* ſhall by *Patron-PRINCES* live:
On all ſhall ſcatter *Plenty*, *Joy* and *Peace*,
Unite the World, and make *Diſſention* ceaſe.

And you, Dread *Monarch!* ne'er to be confin'd
In any glorious *Act* you have deſign'd;
Who, like wiſe *Heaven*, need but decree alone,
And with the Thought, the mighty *Task* is done:
Who for a ſtubborn *Nation*'s Glory toil,
And court her to be Great againſt her Will.
When you eſteem'd her worth your Royal Care,
You gave her this laſt Bleſſing, of an *HEIR*.
O happy *KING!* to whom a Son is born!
What more can *Fortune*, *Heaven*, and *Jon* perform?

Behold,

Behold, with Joy three proſtrate *Nations* come:
ALBION, *HIBERNIA* and old *CALEDON*
Now join their *Int'reſts*, and no more diſpute,
With ſawcy Murmurs, who is *Abſolute*;
Since, from the Wonders of your Life, 'tis plain,
You *will*, you *ſhall*, and *muſt* for ever Reign.

FINIS.

A Congratulatory

POEM

TO THE

King's Most Sacred Majesty,

ON THE

HAPPY BIRTH

OF THE

PRINCE of WALES.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Will. Canning*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Cloysters.* 1688.

A Congratulatory

POEM

TO THE

King's Most Excellent Majesty,

ON THE

HAPPY BIRTH

OF THE

PRINCE of WALES.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for Wm. Canning, at his Shop in
the Temple Change. 1688.

Harvard College Library

A CONGRATULATORY POEM

TO THE

King's Most Sacred Majesty, &c.

JOY to the *Greatest MONARCH* of the Earth!
As many Joys as this *Illustrious BIRTH*
Has Elevated Hearts! As Endless too,
As are the VOWS we Offer up for You.
Oh Happy *KING!* to whom a *SON* is Born!
What more cou'd *Heaven* for this Blest Land perform?

Long with *Prophetick Fire*, Resolv'd and Bold,
Your *Glorious FATE* and *FORTUNE* I foretold:
I saw the *Stars* that did attend Your *REIGN*,
And how they Triumph'd o'er Great *Charles's Wain*.
Far off I saw this *HAPPY DAY* Appear;
This *Jubilee*, not known this *Fifty Year*.
This Day foretold, (*Great SIR!*) that gives you more
Than ever Your *Glorious Virtues* did before.

No *MONARCH's Birth* was ever Usher'd in
With Signs so Fortunate as this has been.
(*a*) Trinity Sunday. The (*a*) *Holy Trinity* his *BIRTH-DAY* claims,
Who to the World their best *Lov'd Blessing* sends.
Guarded he comes, in Triumph over *FATE*,
And all the *Shining HOST* around him wait.
Angels and *Saints*, that do his *Train* Adorn,
In Hallelujahs Sing, *A KING IS BORN!*
(*b*) St. Margaret's Day. Blest (*b*) *MARGARET*, *Scotlands* Royal *Saint* and *Queen*,
The last *Great Branch* of all the *Saxon Line*,

Waits

Waits on this *HAPPY BIRTH*; and does Declare
He, in her Right to *Saxons*, is the *HEIR*.
In the *Fam'd* Room, by happy Fate brought forth,
Where (*c*) Two *Illustrious KINGS* receiv'd their *Birth*.

(*c*) Charles II. James II.

The *LESSONS* for *This Day*, by Chance *Divine*,
Appear'd as they were Order'd by Design.
The *First*, the *Holy PROPHET* did Unfold
When he the *Birth* of the *MESSIAH* told.
The Words are These; (*d*) *His Fan is in his Hand,*
And he shall throughly purge the Floor or Land,
Gathering the Wheat into the Granary:
Then all *One FAITH*, at least *One SOUL* shall be.

The Morning Lesson for the Day.

(*d*) Matth. 3. 12.

"The *ANGEL* next the *PATRIARCH* did Inform,
"That *ISAAC*, Chosen *ISAAC*, shou'd be *Born*.

The Evening Lesson, Gen. 18. 10.

ASTROLOGERS Divine! that when the *Sun*
Is Mounted to his Full Meridian,

'Tis

'Tis Lucky to be *Born*; and does Portend
Long Life, that can by no Misfortune end.
This, in its Summer-*Solſtice* views the Light,
Breaks out, and makes our *Longeſt Day* more *Bright*.

Methinks I hear the *Belgick LION* Roar,
And Laſh his *Angry Tail* againſt the Shoar.
Inrag'd to hear a *PRINCE OF WALES* is *Born*:
Whoſe *BROWS* his *Boaſted Laurels* ſhall Adorn.
Whoſe *Angel FACE* already does expreſs
His *Foreign CONQUESTS*, and *Domeſtick PEACE*.
While in his *Awful little EYES* we Find
He's of the *Brave*, and the *Forgiving KIND*.

All Joy *Great QUEEN!* — if to your *Happy Store*
Our *Grateful Prayers*, and *Wiſhes* can add more.
Your *Bleſt DELIVERANCE* to Congratulate,
The *Adoring World* is Proſtrate at your *Feet*.
Where *TEARS* of *Joy*, and *Humble VERSE* I lay
Too mean a *Trophy* for this *GLORIOUS DAY*:

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by Nothing but *Prophetick Truth*,
They Boaſt no other *Fire*, no other *Worth*.
Full of the *JOY*, no *LINES Correct* can write,
My *Pleaſure's* too Extream for *Thought* or *Wit*.
Charm'd to Exceſs, alas! I ſtrive in *Vain*,
In *Scanty VERSE* my Tranſports to Explain
Too *Vaſt* for *Narrow NUMBERS* to Contain.

FINIS.

On Wedneſday *next will be Publiſhed the moſt Ingenious, and long Expected Hiſtory of* Oroonoko: *or, the* Royal Slave. *By Mrs.* Behn.